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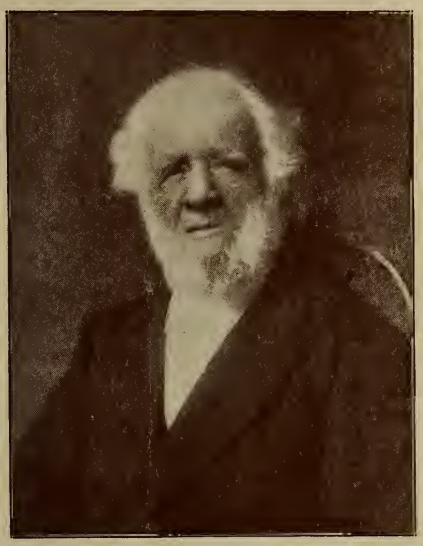
CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR

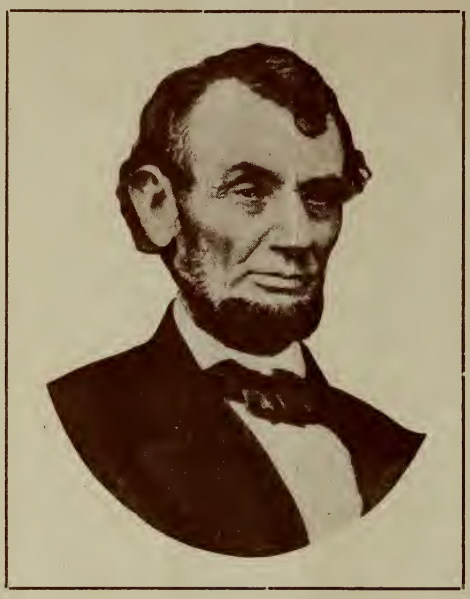


DR. R. S. RUST

for twenty years, Corresponding Secretary, Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. Died Dec. 22, 1906.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF FACTS RELATING TO CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH

FREEDMEN'S AID AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION SOCIETY



LINCOLN BIRTHDAY SUNDAY

THE SUNDAY nearest Lincoln's birthday, has been set apart as the most appropriate time for a study of our work, and for laying its claims upon the hearts of the people.

Sunday, February 10, 1907, is the day, and a more general observance, owing to the celebration of our Fortieth Anniversary, is anticipated.

Tracts, Song Services, envelopes and other helps will be cheerfully furnished pastors free of charge.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY COUPONS

Suitable coupons, in books of 25, so arranged that any one can give at least one cent for every year of our work in the South, have been prepared, and will be sent upon request. These books represent $10 each, and unused coupons are to be returned to this office.

Brethren, send in your orders early

Address,
Secretary M. C. B. MASON, 222 W. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

WHEN LINCOLN AND BEECHER PRAYED TOGETHER

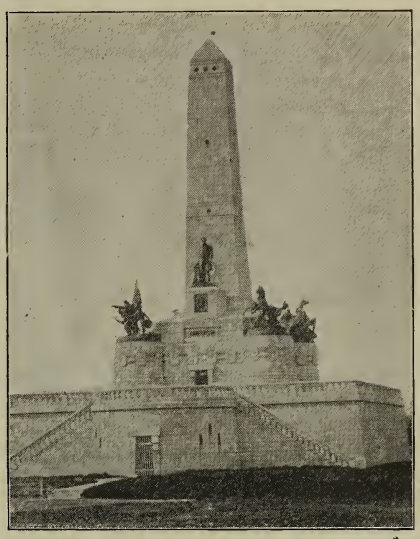
By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

During the year 1862, the hopes of the North were at their lowest ebb. It was in that year that the second battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost, McClellan was entrenched before Richmond, and the strength and resources of the nation seemed to have been fruitlessly wasted. Henry Ward Beecher was then in Brooklyn, and was perhaps more prominently associated with the cause of the North at that time than any other minister of the gospel. He had preached and lectured and fought its battles in pulpit and press all over the country, had ransomed slaves from his pulpit, and his convictions and feelings were everywhere known.

Late one evening a stranger called at his home and asked to see him. Mr. Beecher was working alone in his study as was his usual custom, and this stranger refused to send up his name, and came muffled in a military cloak which completely hid his face. Mrs. Beecher's suspicions were aroused, and she was very unwilling that he should have the interview which he requested, especially as Mr. Beecher's life had been frequently threatened by sympathizers with the South. The latter, however, insisted that his visitor be shown up. Accordingly the stranger entered, the doors were shut, and for hours the wife below could hear their voices and their footsteps as they paced back and forth. Finally, toward midnight, the mysterious visitor went out, still muffled in his cloak, so that it was impossible to gain any idea of his features.

The years went by, the war was finished, the President had suffered martyrdom at his post, and it was not until shortly before Mr. Beecher's death, over twenty years later, that it was known that the mysterious stranger who had called on the stormy winter night was Abraham Lincoln. The stress and strain of those days and nights of struggle, with all the responsibilities and sorrows of a nation fighting for its life thrust upon him, had broken down his strength, and for a time undermined even his courage. He had traveled alone in disguise and at night from Washington to Brooklyn to gain the sympathy and help of one whom he knew as a man of God, engaged in the same great battle in which he was the leader. Alone for hours that night the two had wrestled together in prayer with the God of battles and the Watcher over the right, until they had received the help which he had promised to those who seek his aid. Whatever were the convictions and religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, there is no doubt that he believed in prayer, and made that the source of his strength.—Sunday-school Times.

Mr. Scoville is a grandson of Henry Ward Beecher.—The Editor.



Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Ill.

THE REAL LINCOLN

For many years it has been the fashion to call Mr. Lincoln homely. He was very tall, and very thin. His eyes were deeply sunken, his skin of a sallow pallor, his hair coarse, black and unruly. Yet he was neither ungraceful, nor awkward, nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches. His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone, or absorbed in thought, the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men, and the shoulders stoop, as though they, too, were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash, or twinkle merrily with humor, or look out from under overhanging brows as they did upon the Five

Points children in kindliest gentleness. So, too, in public speaking. When his tall body rose to its full height, with head thrown back, and his face transfigured with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer Douglas in the high tenor tone that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over his listening crowds. And later, during the years of war, when he pronounced with noble gravity the words of his famous addresses, not one in the throng that heard him could truly say that he was other than a handsome man.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slovenly, and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man; but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed, and in the fashion of the time and place. In reading the grotesque stories of his boyhood, of the tall stripling whose trousers left exposed length of shin, it must be remembered not only how poor he was, but that he lived on the frontier, where other boys, less poor, were scarcely better clad. In Vandalia, the blue jeans he wore was the dress of his companions as well, and later, from Springfield days on, clear through his presidency, his costume was the usual suit of black broadcloth, carefully made, and scrupulously neat. He cared nothing for style. It did not matter to him whether the man with whom he talked wore a coat of the latest cut, or owned no coat at all. It was the man inside the coat that interested him.

In the same way he cared little for the pleasures of the table. He ate most sparingly. He was thankful that food was good and wholesome and enough for daily needs, but he could no more enter into the mood of the epicure for whose palate it is a matter of importance whether he eats roast goose or golden pheasant, than he could have counted the grains of sand under the sea.—From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Lincoln," in August St. Nicholas.

LINCOLN'S KENTUCKY BIRTHPLACE

In view of the fact that the old Lincoln farm is to be made a national park of patriotism, the following from the Review of Reviews is of keen interest: "One hundred years ago this month of March, Thomas Lincoln, of Virginian birth, laid claim to a little farm in the center of which was a noted spring, sheltered from the summer suns by a shelving rock. The waters of that spring, even in that early time, were famous throughout Hardin County, in which it was located, as now it is famous throughout Central Kentucky. Near this picturesque natural spring, this strong young Virginian, a carpenter by trade, built a log cabin to which, on the following 10th of June, he brought his bride, Nancy Hanks, and in that little cabin, three years later, the Lincoln family gave welcome to the child whose name was to belong to the ages. On this farm the boy Abraham used to play with his sister and the boys of his neighborhood. In this little cabin Lincoln received his first schooling in the primary three R's from his mother, who taught him what she could in the long evenings by the light from spice-wood twigs hacked together upon a log.

"It was during the nine years spent upon this farm that Lincoln enjoyed all the real boyhood he ever had. Though the life there, as in Indiana and Illinois, as he later said, was described by the single sentence in Gray's Elegy, 'The short and simple annals of the poor,' his real playtime was on the rock-spring farm. Here he was a natural boy, hunting coons and partridges, victimizing his play-fellows with practical jokes, always accompanying his father with grist to the mill, for the sake of an outing, and for the same reason he pursued the stone-wagons and the help which his father used to general into service along the old picturesque Louisville and Nashville pike, of which the good father was the county supervisor."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTTO

"Right makes might," was Abraham Lincoln's motto for times of struggle and contest.

"Do the best, but if you can't do the best, then do the best you can," was his watchword for all kinds of days.

A hitherto unfamiliar remark of Abraham Lincoln, and which is good enough to go into the school-books, is this one, which Senator Palmer of Illinois says Lincoln made to him: "I have simply tried to do my duty every day, hoping that when to-morrow came I would be equal to it."

THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR

A Magazine of Facts Relating to the Educational Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South

M. C. B. MASON, - - - Editor

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THE FREEDMEN'S AID AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION SOCIETY

Correspondence.—All correspondence relating to the administration of the Society should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. M. C. B. MASON, 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Donations.—These should be sent in drafts, checks, registered letters, or post-office orders, to the Treasurer, Rev. H. C. JENNINGS, D. D., 220-222 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio; or to the Corresponding Secretary.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

While this work is upon your mind, make a clause in your will in the interest of this Society.

FORM OF BEQUEST—"I give and bequeath to the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a corporation under the laws of the State of Ohio, the sum of $ . . . . . The receipt of the Treasurer, thereof, shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors for the same.

ANNUITY BOND

Persons having funds which they plan to have go to the Lord's cause, and yet need the income while they live, may give any sum now, and this society will pay interest upon it during the person's life. These Annuity Certificates are as good as a Government bond, with double the interest, paid semi-annually. Write the Secretary about this plan.

WOULD NOT WIN BY A LIE

Mr. A. H. Chapman, a step-nephew by marriage of Mr. Lincoln, has this to say of him as to why he was called "Honest Abe." In his law practice on the Wabash Circuit he was noted for his unswerving honesty. People learned to love him ardently, devotedly, and juries listened intently, earnestly, receptively to the sad-faced, earnest man. He was never blamed for bribery; nothing could move him when once his resolutions were formed. There was nothing scholarly in his speeches, and he always rested his case on its merits, only asking for simple Western justice, and the texture of the man was such that his very ungainliness was in his favor before a pioneer jury. His face always wore a sweetened and kindly expression, never sour, and burning to win them, his tall frame swaying as a pine, made him a resistless pleader. I remember one case of his honest trait of character. It was a case in which he was for the defendent. Satisfied of his client's innocence, it depended mainly on one witness. That witness told on the stand under oath what Abe knew to be a lie, and no one else knew. When he arose to plead the case, he said: "Gentlemen, I depended on this witness to clear my client. He has lied. I ask that no attention be paid his testimony. Let his words be stricken out, if my case fails. I do not wish to win in this way."

His scorn of a lie touched the jury; he laid his case before them magnificently, skillfully, masterly, and won in spite of the lie against him. From such work came his "Honest Abe." I never knew Abe to have a coat to fit him; all were ill-fitting, but underneath was a big, hot heart that could adjust itself to all humanity. He had at his tongue's end the little items that make up the humble world of the pioneer farmer. Once at a hotel in the evening during court a lawyer said, "Our case is gone; when Lincoln quit he was crying, the jury was crying, the judge was crying, and I was a little damp about the lashes myself. We might as well give the case up."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY

Hopeful and cheerful as he ordinarily seemed, there was in Mr. Lincoln's disposition a strain of deep melancholy. This was not peculiar to him alone, for the pioneers as a race were somber rather than gay. Their lives had been passed for generations under the most trying physical conditions, near malaria-infested streams, and where they breathed the poison of decaying vegetation. Insufficient shelter, storms, the cold of winter, savage enemies, and the cruel labor that killed off all but the hardiest of them, had at the same time killed the happy-go-lucky gayety of an easier form of life. They were thoughtful, watchful, wary; capable indeed of wild merriment; but it has been said that although a pioneer might laugh, he could not easily be made to smile. Lincoln's mind was unusually sound and sane and normal. He had a cheerful, wholesome, sunny nature, yet he had inherited the strongest traits of the pioneers, and there was in him, moreover, much of the poet, with a poet's great capacity for joy and pain. It is not strange that as he developed into manhood, especially when his deeper nature began to feel the stirrings of ambition and of love, that these seasons of depression and gloom came upon him with overwhelming force.—Helen Nicolay, in February St. Nicholas.

OBSERVE LINCOLN'S SUNDAY

By Edwin M. Randall, Secretary Epworth League

Every Chapter should observe February 10th, in memory of this foremost American. This observance should be in accordance with the plans of our great benevolent society that is charged with the uplifting of the race that Abraham Lincoln emancipated.

This appeal is written from Rust University, Holly Springs, Miss. This institution, formerly Shaw University, was founded immediately after the civil war. Its long and fruitful history abounds in results that must convince the most skeptical of the high inherent moral and intellectual capabilities of our colored people.

The writer has here met a Mrs. Henrietta E. Green, born in slavery and twenty-three years of age when emancipated. As soon as the war closed she supported her family by her own labor and kept her husband in school. When this institution was projected she and her husband each contributed to the first collection ever taken for its benefit. After it opened, her husband resumed the support of his family and she presented herself at the school leading her two little boys, and the three, mother and sons, entered the same class together.

For six years she remained in school with the boys and then for thirteen years she taught school and attended the University alternately until, after nineteen years, she saw both her sons graduate, and she was herself within a few months of completing the normal course. With motherly pride she saw one of her boys teaching Greek in the college.

Now these little boys have grown into immense fellows, influential men, highly respected by both races, one of them a trustee of Rust University. One son holds a remunerative position under the national government and the other is one of the most prosperous merchants in this region. Both have children now in the school. Mrs. Green introduced two of them to the writer. They are attractive, refined young ladies with a splendid scholastic record. Mrs. Green is justly intensely proud of her sons and of her grandchildren, all of whom reciprocate her feelings heartily and as justly.

We have also here met a Rev. S. H. Nevils, one of the presiding elders of this conference. He left a home of deep poverty, having but little money but being rich in noble ambition when he entered this school. At one time, his means exhausted, unable to find employment, too high spirited to reveal his condition and having too much grit to give up, he went from Sunday evening until the next Friday without a mouthful of food and without missing a single recitation.

These incidents may be paralleled many times among our colored people. A race that can exhibit such a spirit is capable of achieving great things and deserves our ardent sympathy and liberal help. The capabilities of a race must be judged by the achievements of those who have had a fair chance. The progress of the colored people to whom we have given Christian culture justifies an enthusiastic optimism. But the mass of the race has yet been so slightly touched; our schools for the colored people face an opportunity that is so immense; the economies our heroic workers are obliged to practice are so heartbreaking; multitudes we have not the equipment to serve but they are filled with a spirit and an ambition that would glorify any race, are reaching their dark hands up to us from their poverty and darkness so piteously appealing that out of our abundance we will only provide for them any kind of a chance: if our great church could only know it would turn a very Mississippi of beneficence to run bank full down through this southland. And the full story of opportunity also includes the most urgent needs of a great body of mountain whites of as fine fiber as any of our race, who would return an hundredfold on our investment.

But the story can not be told in a newspaper article. A book could not contain it. By sending to the Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D. D., 220 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O., any Chapter may receive literature that abounds in thrilling facts with which the devotional service of February 10, may be made an inspiring occasion. Send at once, and on that day let every Chapter swell the offering to this great cause.